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few of the painters of this day seem to possess. You feel the presence of a master in Troyon: his cattle have wonderful expression and character. After looking at his, all the other cattle-pieces look lifeless, like lay-figures. Then what a masterly touch—what understanding of light and shade—what harmony of tones—what color! His pictures hang there unvarnished, quiet and grey, and subdued in tone; and you look at them, wondering what the mysterious power is, that makes them glow on the walls, and arrest your eyes and satisfy them, as a picture of Titian or of Rembrandt would. The secret is, that he too has studied the old masters in nature and nature in the old masters. Troyon is as preëminently a colorist in his branch of art as Couture or Delacroix or Diaz in theirs.

I must continue to pass by noteworthy names and pictures—such is the profusion of talent displayed always in these French exhibitions—and close my sketch with the mention of another colorist, totally differing in subject and style from the one last-named.—ZIEB devotes himself chiefly to Venetian and other port-scenes, where he finds scope for strong daylight effects and contrasts of color. He paints with a sweeping yet *savant* brush. He loves the intense blue of the Italian or eastern skies, against which he dashes palaces or minarets, ships, boats, gondolas, gorgeous groups of figures, roughly but skillfully touched in, and reflected in the blue waves, and piling on the paint where he needs his effect, without regard to microscopic eyes. He is a daring and generally successful colorist: he has two very effective scenes in the port of Constantinople.

I must not omit our representatives from America. I do not mean our members of Congress, who exhibit in Washington, but our painters who exhibit in Paris.—Mr. ROTHEMEL, of Philadelphia, sends three pictures; two of which—"The Giant's Staircase at Venice," where the death of the old doge is admirably painted, and "The Virtuosio," a venerable old gentleman absorbed in the study of books and engravings, stand well the test of comparison with the French. The same may be said of Mr. MAY's four pictures—"Francis I. weeping over the death of his son;" "Haidee and Zoé finding the body of Don Juan on the beach;" "an Italian peasant girl and her lover;" and a portrait. Mr. May is one of the best of our colorists, and has painted lately some of his best pictures.

As I stated at the commencement of my letter, I have been obliged to make many omissions of painters and their works. *Mais, que voulez vous*, when there are 3000 pictures to be looked at? So I have called my imperfect essays "Skimmings." Pardon the skimmer's short-comings, and believe me yours,

ENT. PALETTE.

GERMANY.—The present disturbances in Europe affect the Art world disadvantageously. The greater part of the public festivals are forbidden, or rather are suffered to go by uncelebrated. Whenever one does take place it is for the benefit of sufferers by the war. The artists of Vienna are about holding a permanent Art-exhibition, which is to last as long as the war lasts. Two-thirds of its income is to be devoted to the soldiers wounded in battle, and the remaining third is to be applied to the purchase of works of art for a lottery also for the same object. From all parts of the kingdom gifts and donations are continually pouring in to the artistic association, which, generally, are prompted by the purest patriotism. It is a noticeable fact, however, that a large amount of government securities, the value of which is very questionable, form a proportion of the contributions.

THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1859.

Sketchings.

RELATION BETWEEN GEOLOGY AND LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

THE mind of man is so constituted and his tastes so diverse, that variety and dissimilarity are essential to his happiness; and, as each nation has stamped its conceptions upon the works of Art, the character of the race and the degree of its cultivation may be easily recognized. Superior to all other arts is that of painting, since it contributes most highly to intellectual delight, and tends to purify the soul and to fill it with noble aspirations. It is not pretended that Art, by itself, will Christianize the world, or that it will be substituted for religious principles; but it does contend against a mercenary spirit, and will ever render the name of that country immortal, which most assiduously fosters and cherishes its growth.

Perhaps landscape painting is more appreciated by the popular mind than portraits of the human character. The beauty conveyed by the pencil of a Correggio or Titian, the wonderful portrayal of *character* as observed in the works of Leonardo da Vinci, the angelic and spiritual forms of Raphael, are too often passed by unheeded; while the representations of Claude Lorraine entice and enchant the beholder. Although inanimate creation may have been a medium for conveying to the mind impressive and moral emotions, as is the case with Claude, yet now that imitation is so closely studied, the symbolical and spiritual element is too often altogether ignored. The landscape painter, therefore, may produce from a chaotic mass a symmetrical and harmonious combination; yet, if the symbolical be lost, his effort is merely mechanical. A lake may serve as the symbol of repose and quiet, and the snow-capped mountains of dignity and grandeur, while the roaring cataract may embody awe and solemnity. On the other hand, the picture may be a mere blending of color, having no reference to any trait of character or emotion in the soul.

The landscape painter is surrounded by the most delightful associations, and although he may be unaccompanied, still does he always have companions, who entertain and instruct. Noticing the configuration of the country, and examining each escarpment and plain; detecting the beauties of the rivulet as it winds like a silvery thread from the distant mountain, now leaping from crag to crag, and anon, lost in some woody copse, again re-appearing, and finally merging into the sluggish stream, which reproduces with beauteous accuracy each tiny leaf and lofty tree, he becomes a most diligent student, and an unwavering enthusiast in the works of nature. Each stone bears upon its surface characters so plainly legible that he "who runs may read." The particolor'd lichens add grace and symmetry to the massive boulders, which have journeyed from the Polar seas, as they repose upon the breast of some crystal iceberg. These the artist sees and enjoys, and when the last touch is given to his sketch and the pencil is laid aside, his thoughts revert to those old times, when fauna and flora existed supreme, since breath had not yet given life to man.

It may be a subject of interest to know that Leonardo, who is placed at the head of the Florentine school of painting, was a geologist, whose views and theories coincide most remarkably

with the opinions of eminent geologists of the present day; he explained the nature of the earth's crust, its movements, fossils, successive creations, etc., as clearly as the majority of statements found in our standard works on geology. The mud of rivers, he said, had covered and penetrated into the interior of fossil shells, at a time when these were still at the bottom of the sea, near the coast. "They tell us that these shells were formed in the hills, by the influence of the stars; but I ask where in the hills are the stars now forming shells of distinct ages and species? and how can the stars explain the origin of gravel occurring at different heights, and composed of pebbles, rounded as if by the motion of running water, or in what manner can such a cause account for the petrification in the same places, of various leaves, sea-weed, and marine crabs." He did not dare to publish these comprehensive and philosophical truths, but confined himself to manuscripts, which are now in the Library of the Institute of France. He died in A.D. 1520. His prophecies have been fulfilled, and geologists point to him as the first who had a clear perception of the wonders and curiosities of geology.

The physician, after years of study, understands the anatomy of a subject. He critically examines into the mysteries of the human body, and finds that temperaments differ; that various medicines produce different effects, and what may be useful to one is injurious to another, and he endeavors so to discriminate that the greatest good may accrue, and the highest degree of usefulness in his profession. The landscape painter, on the other hand, studies *nude* creation; and this is his anatomy. He must necessarily scrutinize whatever is pregnant with interest before he reproduces it on his canvas. It is for his own interest and reputation as an artist, to understand what will conduce to the adornment of his work and what will detract from its perfection, and consequently, although perhaps unintentionally, he is a geologist. Continually meeting with different strata, the query naturally arises, why this diversity? He meets with immense fissures and volcanoes, and he asks himself whence did they originate and by what convulsion were they produced? To him, therefore, properly belongs the study of geology, as he more thoroughly than any other can imitate what nature has produced. While he endeavors to "weave the web of enchantment," also may he have the delightful consciousness that his picture is a representation of moral principles and sentiment; not merely an imitation.

N. P. O.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

Our chronicle of Art-productions this month is necessarily a short one. The studios are generally deserted, especially by the landscapists, who, as usual at this season, are scattered in all directions, North, East, South, and West. Beginning at Newfoundland, coasting along the shore to Sandy Hook, we hear of Church, Gifford, the Harts, and Boughton, somewhere between the Bay of Fundy and Mount Desert; Colman and Shattuck are on the Androscoggin; Kensett is at Nahant; Strother is somewhere in the vicinity of Boston; Hunt, Staigg, and Ames are at Newport; while Ehninger and Stone, at last accounts, were taking water-scapes off the Neversink Highlands. Going north in the interior, we hear of Leutze at West Point; Casilear among the Catskills; Hubbard in Vermont; and Champney at Conway, N. H. At the west, Durand, Suydam, and Hotchkiss are at Genesee. Going south, we find Nichols in New Jersey, at Llewellyn Park; and Weber and Richards, of Philadelphia, examining the landscape beauties of

Pennsylvania. Of the remaining Philadelphia artists, Hazeltine is at Mount Desert; Perry somewhere in Maine; and Lewis at Narragansett.

Dear Crayon:

Boston, July 4th, 1859.

I DID not write last month, as I had nothing new to add to the unpublished items of the month before. Since I wrote you last, Mr. Rowse has completed a beautiful crayon head of Mrs. Longfellow, and T. B. Read has painted a portrait of Prof. Longfellow, and a charming portrait group of their three little girls. A likeness of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, also by Mr. Read, is on exhibition at Williams & Everett's, likewise those of Prof. Longfellow and his children.—The Athenæum Gallery opened on the 11th instant. Mr. Ordway has succeeded in obtaining a large collection of good pictures, and the exhibition is probably the best which we have had for several years.—E. A. Brackett's colossal statue of Hosea Ballou has been placed at Mt. Auburn, and is highly spoken of by the press. His fine bust of Charles Sumner has been presented to Harvard College by the committee appointed to obtain a bust and a picture of Mr. S.—Mr. T. Ball has issued a beautiful little bust of Prescott, the historian, and one of Henry Ward Beecher, which, if less beautiful, will, perhaps, be quite as popular in New York as the former is here.—Williams & Everett are exhibiting Copley's great work, "The Impeachment of the Five Members of the House of Commons by King Charles." This large and beautiful painting contains fifty-eight portraits of the most distinguished members of the Long Parliament. The picture was purchased by some liberal Bostonians, who have presented it to the City Library—the proceeds of the present exhibition to be devoted to the purchase of works of Art or Science for the institution, as the trustees may see fit.—Our Lowell friends are talking of having another exhibition of pictures, their last was so successful. Quite a number of artists have taken up their abode in Newport during the summer months. Miss S. A. Clarke and Messrs. Staigg, Ames and Hunt all having houses there with studios attached.

J.

SOME particulars of the "Kane Monument Association," are thus summed up by the "Saturday Press:—"

The incorporation of the Kane Monument Association held a preliminary meeting, at the rooms of the Geographical Society. It is estimated that the cost of the monument will not exceed \$15,000. Three thousand dollars worth of stone have been presented by the President of the Albert Free Stone Company, of Nova Scotia. It is designed to have a bronze statue of Dr. Kane, in citizen's dress, life size. On the sides of the base there will be busts of Henry Grinnell, George Peabody, and Sir John Franklin. The Committee on Art and Design are Hicks, Elliott, Kensett, and Palmer. The Association has nearly five hundred members. The means for the monument are to be raised by a series of lectures on science and literature. The site has not yet been decided upon.

The same paper says:

There is on exhibition at the office of the Commissioner of Public Buildings in the Capitol, a statuette, from a design by R. S. Greenough, a brother of the sculptor of the Washington statue. It represents an old Indian, robed in the wild garments of his race, sitting on a log, and, whilst warming his hands over a few dying embers, gazes around, half in curiosity, half in distrust, at an axe which, apparently, just stuck into the log, warns him, as it were, that the fallen branch on which he sits is a token of his race, even as the axe that hangs over it, like a master, is an emblem of power before which he flies in vain.

THE CAMPANA COLLECTION at Rome, alluded to in our correspondence, seems to have excited a desire on the part of some American travellers to have it purchased for our country. We doubt if such a collection would be permitted to leave Europe, and least of all, in portions, as has been suggested by those who think we might secure a part if not the whole of the collection. In the Astor Library may be found a work containing beautiful lithographic drawings of the Terra-cottas in the collection. These drawings are well worth the inspection of those who have any curiosity in the matter. The title of the work referred to is "Antiche Opere in Plastica della collezione del Cav. Gio. Pietro Campana."

GLEANINGS AND ITEMS.

In the midst of the confusion of general criticism on music and musicians, we are glad to quote an authoritative paragraph. Dwight, of the "Journal of Music," says of Madame Gazzaniga, that she

Has certainly a spark of something like genius. Far from being one of the most finished vocalists, with a voice somewhat worn, perhaps from want of perfect method, and from dangerous intimacy with "edged tools" from the Verdi fabric, she has *what is more than voice or art*—the true dramatic fire, and of a high and refined temper. And this is seconded by a voice, whose tones, both high and low, are of a singularly dramatic, soulful quality. You forget the wear and tear, the little vocal inequalities, the clumsy gait, (!) and so forth, in the pure *abandon* of her finer moments, in the thrilling soul-utterance, for which she seems at the right times to be inspired with voice enough.

To our mind, the apathetic appreciation (comparatively speaking) of this great operatic performer by the opera public is a striking proof of the lack of real culture on the part of that same public.

NOTES ON THE WEST, IN TWO LETTERS—LETTER TWO.

July 15th, 1859.

Dear Crayon :

St. Louis, of all the western cities I visited, is the only one which presents the appearance of a natural and healthy development. Dwellings, storehouses, hotels, and public buildings plainly show that they have been called into existence by the gradually increasing wants of a frugal but prosperous community, by a population who are in the habit of earning and saving their money until they find themselves ready to spend it. Much of this is owing the age of this city, and also to its remoteness from New York. St. Louis was something of a commercial metropolis before the invention of second, third, and preferred mortgage-bonds; nor could her citizens raise money upon real estate that was popularly supposed to be subject to engulfment in the turbulent muddy waters of the Mississippi. Although the site upon which St. Louis stands is by its natural position exempt from the risk of such a calamity, it is not the case with the opposite side, upon which the St. Louis and Alton railroad is built; this has suffered that fate during the present spring—an untoward accident which affords travellers from the East an opportunity to approach St. Louis by steamboat, the only way to enjoy the fine view of that city for miles up the river.

Situated upon rapidly rising ground on the western bank of the Mississippi River, you see St. Louis spread out like a panorama before you; the foreground consisting of an endless line of steamboats with their bows turned toward the long levee, and packed close to each other. The old streets next to the river are narrow, and those running east and west have a steep ascent. The pavement is of limestone, a most unfit material for that purpose, although an excellent building stone. This

stone forms the sub-strata of the whole city, and also, we can safely say, of the entire Mississippi valley, extending across the prairies to the eastern boundary of Illinois. The rich mines of the Iron Mountain, some ninety miles south of St. Louis, promise to furnish before long material for an iron pavement; the samples I saw are far superior to similar productions of our own city. The streets more recently laid out are broad and lined with comfortable-looking houses, of little pretension to great architectural display, but more successful on that account.

Speaking of architecture reminds me that the architects of St. Louis some twelvemonth since (discouraged by their great distance from the American Institute of Architects situated in New York), formed an institute of their own, like that of their New York prototype. There was this difference between them: the St. Louis institute was based upon a common anxiety for the improvement of prices, rather than upon a desire for the elevation of the art and of the profession—(most St. Louis architects are also contractors). As was to be foreseen, an organization so sordid, could not maintain its existence long, and it is now among the things of the past. The modern productions of St. Louis architects, with but isolated exceptions, I will charitably designate as weak; and some churches recently erected, are decidedly execrable. The tendencies are, as in other western cities, toward the violent rather than toward the beautiful. The practice of veneering is carried to a great extent. Marble is imported from Vermont at an enormous expense, while rich quarries at home are neglected. Cast iron is frequently used here, to represent stone constructions—a most deplorable system of falsehood, and one which pervades all western architecture, and also one which is not entirely unknown with us.

It is to be regretted that countless millions should be annually expended throughout the United States for architectural display, which the very next generation will certainly be ashamed of, unless the imperfect construction of our edifices and our hasty judgment in locating them, does not preclude the probability of their ever seeing them. But how can it be otherwise, when the country is flooded with broken-down builders, and other quacks in architecture, who, in the excitement of the moment, when people are bent upon raising large cities in the midst of navigable swamps, in one or two years, pass themselves off as first-class architects? Boys who have served as draughtsmen with second-rate architects in this city, go to the West, and are at once employed to erect important public buildings. An instance of this kind has recently come to my notice. The "P—Sentinel" says, "We have been favored with a view of the plans prepared by the architect of our new City Hall, Mr. V—, who arrived here some three weeks ago from New York, where he was engaged as an assistant in erecting some of the most costly dwellings in the Fifth Avenue. The building is in the *new Italian style* of architecture, which gives it much the appearance of a public building: the tower projects *eight inches*, and a lintel course over the first story windows, highly ornaments the whole." Such critics are easily satisfied, and it is not surprising that the country is flooded with imperfect construction and architectural trash of the vilest character. What we sadly need in this country is an academy for the education of architects. So long as we have no artists of a liberal education to design our buildings, we ought to content ourselves (if the services of the few real architects in our midst are beyond our reach) with building merely what necessity dictates, and that in the plainest form. Our prosperity has engrossed so much of our time, that we have none to spare for the fostering of good

task in matters of Art. It is true that with increasing wealth we feel a desire for architecture, for paintings, for statuary, for music and the drama, and yet deliberately go to work spending our hard-earned money in trash. The man who shall first move in the matter of an academy for the education of architects, in the collection of an architectural library and museum, will immortalize his name, and confer substantial benefit upon the country. Such a movement could not fail to be responded to with liberality by our merchants and capitalists, whose most important interests are intimately connected with the improvement of real estate. St. Louis has made less of a failure in architecture, simply because it has not pretended to do much deserving of that name. This shows conclusively a healthy tone of mind among the inhabitants of that city, which consciousness of their insufficient judgment in architecture, is a comparatively advanced step in the cultivation of sound taste.

I left St. Louis with regret. I like the place much. I like the genial inhabitants; their frank and hospitable manners; their freedom from affectation and aping of the eastern cities; their modest but firm consciousness of the prospective importance of their city, and their moderate forbearance in regard to a realization of their faith. I like their great temperance institution, viz., the Missouri wine both dry and sparkling; the thriftiness of the middle classes; the great number of Savings' banks that exist there; in fine, the happy combination of the warm-hearted southerner and the frank western man, whose characteristics are ingrafted upon the shrewd, thrifty, and substantial Yankee.

The first halting-place I found, after leaving St. Louis, was Pittsburg. I arrived there at night, and when I awoke the morning I saw out of my window the high hills on the other side of the Monongahela, rising almost perpendicularly and apparently within a hundred yards of the hotel. After a hearty, and—to the honor of the Monongahela House be it said—an excellent breakfast, I sallied forth to visit the churches. Pittsburg is a most compact place, situated, together with the town of Alleghany, in a narrow valley, surrounded on all sides by hills that rise some five or six hundred feet above the level of the river. The most prominent among the churches is the Catholic cathedral, which is a brick building with nave and transept, and two aisles on each side of the nave, two towers in front (one hardly commenced, and the other not completed and injured by fire), and an octagon tower with wooden steeple over the intersection of the nave and transept; and a deep chancel with the accompanying sacristy and chapel in the rear. On one side of the church, immediately adjoining it, is the bishop's residence, a tall brick building, extensive enough to contain a cloister for a large number of priests—which it probably does. As a whole, this is the most imposing church I have seen in the United States—imposing in its conception, in size, and, to a considerable extent also, in its architecture. The architect (unknown to me) who designed it, possesses a knowledge of detail, and is certainly well versed in the requirements of a cathedral; he is not without genius. It is evident, however, that he has not been allowed time or means for the study or development of his design, nor the necessary funds and mechanical skill for the execution of the same. The construction, like that of all Catholic churches I have seen in this country, is the most imperfect and slovenly. I must, however, give the Bishop of Pennsylvania and his architect the credit of having undertaken a *bold structure* and also for having succeeded *beyond* the average of accomplishment. This church

being such a noble pile, I could not resist staying during the morning service. I have seen mass performed in Europe, and others, who have seen it also, will agree with me that from an artistic and poetical point of view, it must be pronounced a most solemn and imposing ceremony. I do not know what Irish priests do in Ireland, but in Pittsburg I saw them shuffle through the mass in a most undignified manner, with a business-haste, unbecoming in either priests or gentlemen. They kneel and rise with a rapidity betokening but little regard for their holy office. They huddle together in a most uncomfortable proximity, and appear to urge on the whole performance with the sole regard for an early dinner. I had an opportunity to inspect closely a number of them who were deputed to take up the collection, and I found them wanting both in personal impressiveness and in cleanliness. Let us turn from this picture with the consoling remark that the Catholics ever select the best sites for their churches—a meritorious discrimination we ought to imitate.

The highest ground in Pittsburg is occupied by the cathedral, a State House (a very passable building, by the way, and beautifully situated), and Christ Church (Episcopal). Christ Church must be the production of Mr. Nutman, of Philadelphia (I could not learn who designed it). It is built of, I think, Jersey freestone, and may be pronounced (as far as the exterior is concerned) a perfect gem of English architecture. The interior is inferior only in some instances of detail. As a whole, it is one of the few buildings one can heartily admire without a twinge of hypocrisy. It has a low clerestory with trefoil windows and two aisles, and a wooden ceiling of a simple, but pleasing construction. The interior effect is much heightened by the absence of the eternal galleries, and the whole is a rare specimen of superior mechanical workmanship, and chaste and truthful architecture. A Presbyterian church, more recently erected, bears in its excellent freestone front with its two towers, the traces of a master-hand, and if I am not mistaken, it is by the same architect who designed the cathedral; the interior is decidedly bad—nothing short of that term will characterize it. Pittsburg is blessed with numerous churches. I never saw so large a number crowded into so small a place, and they are all well attended. Aside from those mentioned above, none deserve an allusion, except, perhaps, the Church of the Holy Trinity (Episcopal), built by Bishop Hopkins, who bears the stigma of being its architect. Its principal feature is a large iron rod connecting eight weak and sickly plastered pinnacles on the top of the tower.

During the afternoon, I crossed the Monongahela River upon one of the five bridges leading over the two arms of that stream, and walked up to the top of one of the surrounding hills, where I sat down upon the grass in the warm sun (and it felt pleasant indeed, after a frosty night's travel on the railroad), alongside the first man I encountered. It was a most beautiful sight to see the large two-city beehive swarming with its busy inhabitants, who had issued forth on this day of rest, either for a quiet walk or to go to church. I lighted a cigar and handed one to my neighbor by way of introducing myself, and after making a few pleasant remarks about the beauties of the place, and a modest inquiry concerning himself, just sufficient to induce him to talk, I laid back upon the sod, and blew large, dense clouds from my figaro, while I listened to what my new friend had to say. Next to seeing nature spread before me in her glory, I love to contemplate the panorama of human life as it comes before me in conversation with all classes of human

beings. The story was soon told. My friend was a man near sixty—perhaps on the wrong side of sixty; he was a shoemaker by trade; he now wore his arm in a sling, owing to a felon on his left hand. He had previously had one on the right hand, and had not been able to do a stitch of work for the last six weeks. "And how did you manage to live all that time?" I asked.

"Ah! indeed, I could not have lived if I had not laid by some money."

"How much was it?"

"Quite a sum—as much as fifteen dollars, which had not been drawn from my employer. But now, of course, I have got it all but sixty-two cents, which I will have to call for next week, and something more, too, for I shall need it. My employer told me that I could have as much as I wanted in advance as long as I could not work."

He had worked for his employer for the last twenty years, and had always been in good repute with him. "How much did you earn per day?" I continued.

"I do not work by the day; it is only the poorest of jours (journeymen) who work by the day; I worked by the piece. I earned as much as a dollar and a quarter a day—more often only a dollar, and not unfrequently as low as seventy-five cents."

"And how can you live on that?"

"Oh, very well. I do not care much for meat; I like a cup of coffee and a piece of bread with it; and when sarce is in season, such as potatoes and cabbage, I like that; at times I took a haul at the meat. Once in a while the old woman bought a chicken or two, but she never paid more than twenty-five to thirty cents a pair for them; she's a smart woman, the old woman is."

"And the old woman works too, I suppose?"

"Oh, no; she's not strong enough for that. She is pretty firm on her legs yet, and does the marketing and all that, but work for pay she couldn't."

"And have you a family?"

"All gone off but one boy, who is living with me yet."

"And how do you like the cigar?" which was smoked up by this time.

"Very well, indeed. I could not smoke *poor* cigars—never smoked anything less than half Spanish at two cents a piece, and they are excellent; but I do not *smoke* often now."

"And how do you amuse yourself?"

"Well, on week-days I have but little time left. I commence work soon after breakfast, say at six o'clock, and with the low prices and high rents, I must stitch until nine or ten o'clock at night. On Sundays, I used to go to the cathedral, but they are too persevering there with their plates. It would hardly do to throw in three pennies—it looked so mean; nor a three penny piece neither, and a five or ten cent piece I could not afford to give. Now, I do not go to church often. Once in a while I went to the German Catholic church, where they did not use to pass the plate, but they have taken it up there, too, recently, and I think I will stay at home altogether. As to other amusements—why, there is nothing but a lone walk upon the hills of a fair day."

He was so glad to meet with some one he could talk to; it was not often it occurred, and he was much obliged for the pleasure of my company, and if I wanted to return to the city, the bridge was at the end of the next street but one.

I did return to the city, and I scanned closely the faces of

the working population of the town of Alleghany as I met them returning from their walks, or from church, and they looked sad and depressed indeed; and I could not help but think of Niagara Falls and of the beauty of the wild and maddened waters as they recklessly and boldly plunged over the precipice and joyfully mingled their dancing spray with the bright sunlight and the vivid colors of the rainbow, to flow on contentedly again for a long time in the long, narrow and dismal channel of their own making. And I thought of the cheerless sluggishness of the monotonous canal, and of the weary uselessness of its wearied, cramped and lifeless waters; and I thought of the cathedral I had visited in the morning, and of the complete failure I had witnessed there to impart a faint reflection of a spiritual Niagara Falls by a magnificently but cunningly constructed canal; and of the great genius and talent and benevolence and charity and art and self-denial, that would be required to carry out so noble a scheme; and of the utter absence of all this, and of the splendid failure, charred by recent fire, and by constant neglect, and by vulgarity and ignorance. And I thought of Christ Church, and it occurred to me how small a place it was, and how few people it would hold, and how it was scarcely filled, and how half of the congregation were unfit to receive and appreciate and be satisfied with the highly refined crystals of spiritual water they received there. And I thought if that church with the two beautiful towers in front, and of the barn behind that front, and of the straitened faces in it, and the gloomy looks, the sleepy eyes, and of the bad music I heard, and the sharp stinging fluid that was poured out there to chafe more than to soothe. And I thought of the poor, lonely shoemaker, how he wandered about on the hills, and consoled his poor, meek soul with the thought that, in spite of sickness and hard labor and want and age, he is still allowed to live. And I thought again of Niagara Falls and of the long interminable canal.

When I arrived again at the hotel, I had but just time to eat a hasty supper and take a passage in the night-train for Philadelphia. There I turned into a berth in the commodious sleeping car, and when the humming talk of my fellow-passengers had subsided, I fell into a sound sleep, and I had a wonderful dream, which I do not mind relating to you, dear CRAYON, always provided you do not print it in your paper. Notwithstanding that men cannot help their dreams, they are justly blamed for *relating* them if they are not of the right sort. Or, if you are bound to tell it all, please do not mention that my name is Snodgrass, and that I live on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty oddth street, and go to Dr. Preachem's church, and keep a broker's office down in Wall street, for, indeed, it might seriously damage my business, which is rather prosperous just now.

I dreamt that I saw before me a large expanse of rough, hilly land, strewn with boulders. Through the centre of this land a narrow road led up and down hill, across rivers and valleys to the top of a mountain at the extreme verge of the horizon. Along this road wandered masses of men, women and children, of all ages, dressed in garments of all hues and fashions, some of fine color and texture, many of serviceable quality and decent to look at, but most of them scant and coarse and shabby and mended and torn, and not a few were almost entirely naked. They all toiled along, advancing as rapidly as possible toward the end of their journey, where they disappeared from sight. Those that were weak and poor and feeble toiled on without interruption with a measured and even step, now and

then startled and hurrying on, and then again resting, with a vacant stare at the multitude before and behind them. Others, who were strong and powerful, and who marched along with a firm and elastic step, and who might have performed their journey with ease, were continually occupied on the road with adding to their power and comfort, and by relieving themselves as much as possible from either toil or dust or contact with difficulties of all sorts. Accompanying this throng I saw, isolated and towering above the rest, a man and two women, who busied themselves in keeping the multitude on the right path. I desired to know who they were, and looking around I noticed before me a tall, shabby man, with one arm in a sling, supporting a weak old woman, and carrying on his shoulders a boy of sixteen, who was lame and could not walk. As he turned his face, I recognized my friend the shoemaker. I immediately asked him who the tall man was, yonder, driving people into the road with an iron rod whenever they showed a tendency to deviate from it into one of the many paths leading from it. "That man," said the shoemaker, "is the LAW. He has never touched me or even spoken to me yet, but I can tell you there is many a fellow who has severely felt the strokes of his iron rod. I would not be in their place for the whole world, pleasantly situated as I am, with my wife on my arm and my youngest boy on my shoulder. To be sure, I am often *very* tired and almost *always* weary, but I never yet felt that rod, because I know well that the main road is the shortest, after all, and I have never failed to find a fellow to lend me a hand over the rough places." "And who is that tall woman, in a white dress, beckoning to the people here and there, and coaxing them to take the right direction?" "That woman, sir, is RELIGION. She has often spoken to me, and I much love to follow her advice. But as she hurries to and fro on that long road, she oftentimes delegates her office to men in the crowd in her absence, and they by no means fill her place to my satisfaction. There is one man who used to allure me on with a smile on his face and a friendly nod, but in speaking to me he leaned on my left rather heavily, and what with the burden of my wife and child—I cannot bear much exertion—it occurs to me that he only talks to me to make me carry part of his load, so I keep out of his way as much as I can. And then, there is another man whom she leaves as a substitute; he talks in language I can hardly understand. Another, again, is so gruff that I hate to come in contact with him, and a third tells me so many things which I cannot believe, that I almost doubt his word." "And, pray, who is the other female with a large tablet in her hand?" "I must confess I do not know her," said the shoemaker; "but I do know that which you take for a tablet is in reality a mirror. From time to time she holds it against the light, and I can see in it beautiful fields and gardens, mountains and rivers, and I am always gladdened by it in my dreary travels; and my boy here says he can hear strains of music whenever the glass is turned toward him, and I have heard others say that they can see maidens dancing in the glass—but this I *do* know, whenever the glass is reflected upon any one it makes him cheerful and light of step, and easy in mind, and he walks on spry and joyfully for a long time afterward. When I was young, my grandfather told me that the woman called Religion had made many efforts to combine her labors with those of the female with the looking-glass, but her followers, of late, have urged men *away* from the influence of the other woman—what do they call her?" he asked his boy. "The genius of *Nature* and *Art*," said the poor cripple.

"Yes, the genius of Art—I always forget it," said the old man. "She is, indeed, highly respected by *all* of us, and *loved* and *cherished* by many; but the followers of religion have, of late years, become jealous of her gladdening influence, and particularly on our day of rest, for you must know we tarry on our journey every seventh day; they have compelled the genius of Nature and Art to cover her looking-glass for fear that it might engross the attention of the people to the exclusion of themselves, for you must know, also, that *that* is the day when they are busiest, and when they rigorously enforce obedience, no matter how lax they may be during the week. In the absence of the genius of Religion, they have even called to their assistance the man with the iron rod, on pretence that the genius of Nature and Art is seducing men into excesses of drunkenness and debauchery. But I do not think that can be so, for I have noticed that those vices abound most where the followers of Religion have made common cause with the man of the iron rod."

I tried to persuade the poor shoemaker that he was sadly mistaken, and I grieved over it that the want of proper nourishment should have so perverted the poor fellow's brain as to make him harbor such dangerous and revolutionary thoughts. But, then, I could not help recalling the anathemas sent forth from the pulpit against the opera, the drama, and the vanities and wickedness of dancing; and the prohibition roused against the innocent open-air amusements of the Germans on Sunday afternoon, who frequently assure me that Religion and her most devoted followers, of every shade and sect, in the old country, do not object to quiet recreation of a Sunday afternoon. I reflected, that for the poor laboring men and women, relaxation and fresh air were only to be had on Sunday, and I came to the conclusion that perhaps the poor shoemaker—

Here I heard the whistle blowing violently, and I awoke. I rubbed my eyes, and drawing the curtain of my berth, I saw before me the smiling face of the good-natured colored attendant of the sleeping-car, who informed me that we were approaching Harrisburg, where we shall have twenty minutes for breakfast.

The road from Harrisburg to Philadelphia leads through the *finest landscapes* and the *most thrifty* farms I have ever beheld; but I have no room to say anything more about them at this time, and I will only remark, before closing my long letter, that the *ugliest* and *most abominable* building I have ever seen, is the *Masonic Hall*, in Philadelphia, and that the *new Academy of Music*, in the same place, is a structure of sufficient merit to call for a *separate review* in the pages of the CRAYON.

Yours truly,

SNODGRASS.

P.S. If you insist upon printing *the whole* of this (dream and all), please sign the letter "Sour Krout;" people will excuse in a Dutchman what they would not tolerate in a naivie.

SNODGRASS.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE TWO PATHS. By John Ruskin. John Wiley, New York, pp. 217.

Like all of Mr. Ruskin's works, exceedingly useful. The Two Paths is the usual commingling of truth and poetry.

ANTIQUITIES.—To confine our studies to mere antiquities is like reading by candle-light, with our shutters closed, after the sun has risen.—T. Campbell.